

The Honolulu Times

"Righteousness Exalteth a Nation."

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"For God so loved the world,
that he gave His only-begotten Son,
that whosoever believeth in him,
should not perish, but have ever-
lasting life."—S. John iii:16.

BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

A little pause in life, while daylight
lingers
Between the sunset and the pale
moonrise,
When daily labor slips from weary
fingers
And soft gray shadows veil the
aching eyes.

Old perfumes wander back from
fields of clover
Seen in the light of suns that
long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil is
over,
Draw near as if they lived among
us yet.

Old voices call me through the dusk
returning;
I hear the echoes of departed
feet,
And then I ask with vain and trou-
bled yearning,
What is the charm that makes all
things so sweet?

Must the old joys be evermore with-
holden?
Even their memory keeps me
pure and true;
And yet, from out Jerusalem the
Golden,
God speaketh, saying: "I make
all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still
be nearer;
Stifle my love or give me back
the past!
Give me the fair old earth, whose
paths are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and
mansions vast."

Peace, peace! The Lord of earth
and heaven knoweth
The human soul in all its heat
and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of
lethe floweth,
But the clear river of eternal life.

He giveth life; aye, life in all its
sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will
He restore.
Only the curse of sin and incom-
pleteness
Shall taint thine earth, and vex
thine heart no more.

Serve Him in daily work and
earnest living,
And faith shall lift thee to His
sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and
thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes be-
tween the lights.

—Sarah Doudney.

We want no territorial law with
the federal officials selling their
licenses and blind pigs running
free, without the power of the
authorities to stop them. We want
the federal authorities to enforce
the law, not to have them abetting
the violators of the law, such as
their collection of the federal tax
amounts to.—Rev. Doremus Scud-
der.

PAU.

Now, that the prohibition propo-
sition must, perforce, take a rest,
we would kindly beg to offer, as a
pastime, the killing of the stills in
the hills; not on Oahu only, but
throughout the entire Territory.

Also, that the (accursed "spir-
its") criminal-drinking-dens be
shut, for all times, by hook or by
crook. This sort of activity would
well-repay an outlay of money and
brain power.

(But, after all we all know, that
it is not difficult to talk and to plan
(to censure and to judge mayhap)
but very hard to work out the good
results of a reform and complete
and perfected revolution.)

We fail entirely to see why Chi-
cago should go into hysterics over
"poor Liliuokalani's" finances, that
has "homes" many, scattered about,
etc.

Had her Majesty a million more
of gold she would likely will it to

those that would begin the selfish
squandering of luxury and high liv-
ing, quite before the funeral rites
had been ended.

VERY STRANGE.

Wallace Ah (straight Scotch)
says he belongs in Maine. Then,
why does he linger, here?

J. M. could not sell old bottles or
buy cheap licenses in that land of
the pine to paint the region red if
he pined to do so.

ONE NICE WAY.

The editor is always glad to sell
a Times on the street in passing, or
to take an ad. (Kindly recollect,
to stop her any time or place.)

The traveling salesman stuttered.
He had been trying all morning to
sell the business man a bill of goods
and had been unsuccessful. While
he was locking up his grip the
business man was so impolite as to
say, in the presence of his clerks,
that the salesman must find the im-
pediment in his speech a very
serious handicap at times. "Oh,
n-no," said the salesman, politely.
"Everyone has his p-p-peculiarity.
S-S-Stammering is mine; what is
y-y-yours?" "I was not aware that
I had any," the merchant answered.
"S-S-So?" asked the salesman.
"Y-Y-You s-s-stir y-y-your coffee
with your r-r-right hand, d-d-don't
you?" "Why yes, of course I do,"
the merchant said, scowling.
"W-W-well," the salesman contin-
ued, "t-t-that's your p-p-peculiarity.
Most p-p-people use a t-t-teaspoon."

The Chinese have a custom that
would do credit to a Christian peo-
ple. On every New Year's morn-
ing each man and boy from the em-
peror to the lowest peasant pays a
visit to his mother. He carries her
a present varying in value accord-
ing to his station; thanks her for all
that she has done for him and asks
the continuance of her favor for an-
other year. They are taught to be-
lieve that mothers have an influence
for good over their sons all their
life.